

BATMAN
No. 39

FEB...MAR.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

In this issue:
Catwoman
vs.
BATMAN!



*"This Christmas will last
a long, long, time!"*



**Memories of Christmas Holiday scenes
like this live forever
if you record them in snapshots**

Snapshots keep big moments alive. All the gang will be glad you took your camera along. You'll have fun sharing the prints with your friends. And snapshots are so easy to make. With many cameras of the famous Kodak line, you simply "load, aim, and shoot." Kodak Verichrome Film eliminates the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, New York.

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You see your subject in full picture size—in the hooded view-finder.
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BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

HAVE YOU EVER FELT AFRAID WITHOUT KNOWING WHY? OF COURSE - AND SO HAS EVERYONE! FOR DEEP IN OUR MINDS ARE DIMMED MEMORIES WHICH SOMETIMES TAKE ON NIGHTMARE SHAPES WHEN TIRED NERVES RELEASE THEM!...AND IN EXTREME CASES THESE DARK FANTASIES MAY ASSUME TRAGIC POWER, AS IN THIS STRANGE TALE OF SECRET FEARS WHICH INSPIRE NEARLY LESS CRIMINALS...UNTIL BATMAN AND ROBIN ENTER THE WAR OF NERVES ON THE SIDE OF-

THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE!



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IN THE HIDEOUT OF ROGER RYALL, UNDERWORLD CHIEFTAIN, ONE MUST SPEAK GUARDEDLY...

SO I'M RUNNIN' LIKE I BEEN SHOT OUT OF A CATAPULT—

I WARNED YOU ABOUT USING WORDS LIKE THAT LAST ONE—OR ANYTHING LIKE IT!

IS THAT CLEAR TO EVERYONE, OR MUST I POUND IT INTO YOU?

EASY, BOSS! CHARLIE DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!

IT'S YOUR NERVES, CHIEF! YOU SHOULD SEE ONE OF THEM PSYCH-PSYCH-BRAIN DOCTORS!

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME—YOU'LL SEE HOW STEADY MY NERVES ARE WHEN WE GO AFTER THAT PLATINUM TONIGHT!

MIDNIGHT... AND FURTIVE FIGURES CONVERGE ON A REAR DOOR OF A JEWELRY MANUFACTURING FIRM!

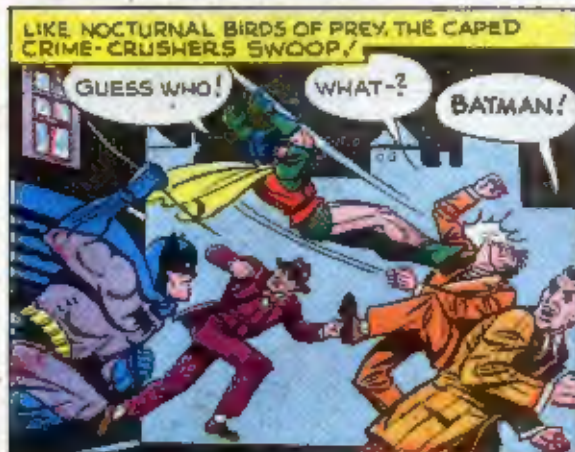
JOE, YOU AND CHARLIE SPREAD OUT AND STAND GUARD; BLACKIE AND I WILL GO IN AND CRACK THE VAULT!

IT'LL BE EASY, WITH THE BURGLAR ALARM WIRES CUT!

AND OTHER FIGURES, MORE AWESOME, POISE FOR ACTION!

LOOKS LIKE OUR HUNCH ABOUT FOLLOWING ROGER RYALL IS GOING TO PAY OFF, BATMAN!

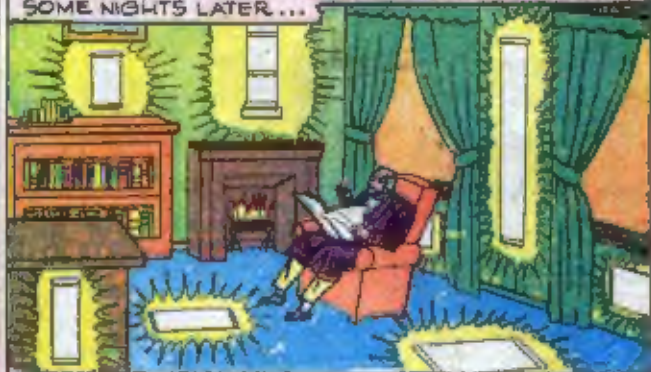
LET'S CONGRATULATE OURSELVES WHEN WE'RE THROUGH! READY?



WHAT STRANGE QUIRK TURNS ROGER RYALL INTO A CRAVEN COWARD IN THE PRESENCE OF A HARMLESS KITTEN?

IT IS ASKIN TO SIMILAR FEARS THAT HAUNT OTHER UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE IN MANY WAYS, FOR INSTANCE...

JOHN WEST, RETIRED BANKER, FINDS REFUGE FROM THE SHADOWS IN HIS MIND AT HOME, WHERE SPECIAL LIGHTS IN FLOORS, WALLS AND CEILINGS CAST NO SHADOWS. SOME NIGHTS LATER...



BUT SUDDENLY... DARKNESS!

GOOD HEAVENS! THE LIGHTS!



AND THEN—AN AMUSING SHADOW-SHOW FILLS HIM WITH UNUTTERABLE DREAD!

DON'T! I'LL GO MAD!



PLEASE, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I'LL DO ANYTHING—PAY ANYTHING—IF ONLY YOU'LL STOP!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!



OPEN YOUR WALL SAFE—AND PROMISE NOT TO TELL THE COPS—AND WE WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

MY BONDS! MY CASH! TAKE EVERYTHING! ONLY DON'T DRIVE ME INSANE!



AND HILDA GRANVILLE, WEALTHY SOCIETY MATRON, HAS NO FEAR OF SHADOWS— BUT WHEN SHE WALKS IN THE STREET, SHE'S PRECEDED BY MEN WHO WATCH FOR— MIRRORS!



THERE'S ONE, ED, IN THAT WINDOW!

HOW EMBARRASSING! BUT IT WOULD BE DREADFUL IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY LOOK INTO A MIRROR—AND GO CRAZY!

OKAY, WE'VE SCREENED IT FROM VIEW!



LATER, DRESSING FOR A FASHIONABLE BALL...

WILL MADAME WEAR THE EMERALD OR THE RUBY RINGS TONIGHT?

THE EMERALDS—AND HURRY WITH THOSE PICTURES! I WANT TO SEE HOW I LOOK!



LATER...

TWO MEN ARE HERE WITH A PAINTING, MADAME! THEY INSIST ON BRINGING IT IN AND SAY IT WILL AMAZE YOU.

HOW ODD! BUT I'LL SEE THEM!... HMM—NOT BAD, CONSIDERING THESE PHOTOS AREN'T RETOUCHE!



A GIFT FOR YOU, LADY! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SHOW IT TO YOU ALONE!

ALONE?...VERY WELL! MY SERVANTS WILL LEAVE THE ROOM!



OH-H-H-H... A MIRROR! NO! NO!

THANK GOODNESS, SHE FAINTED! GRAB THE JEWELS!



TRAGIC FIGURES, THESE...YET GRANT YOUNG, RICH TINWARE MANUFACTURER, IS DESTINED FOR GRIMMER TRAGEDY! STROLLING THROUGH HIS ESTATE NEXT DAY...



AH-H-H...

OKAY- PUT HIM IN THE CAR!

AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE, BUILT ON THE BRINK OF A SHEER CLIFF...



HURRY! GET HIM UPSTAIRS BEFORE HE COMES TO!



WH-WHERE AM I?

LOOK AROUND AND YOU'LL SEE. THEN TELL US HOW MUCH IT'S WORTH TO GET DOWN!



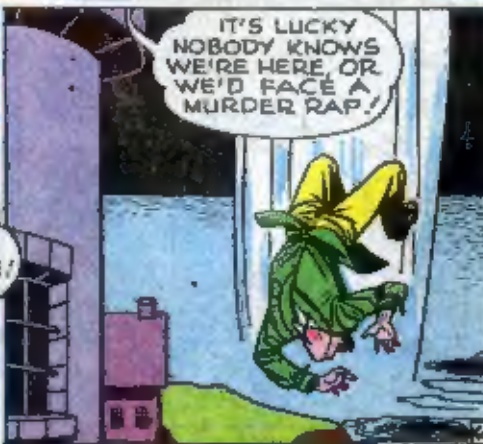
OH-H-H! I'M ON A TOWER - HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND!

YEAH - AND HIGH PLACES DRIVE YOU BATTY! SO WRITE US SOME CHECKS, AND WE'LL TAKE YOU DOWN AFTER WE CASH 'EM!



GRAB HIM!

I CAN'T STAND IT! THE ALTITUDE'S UNBEARABLE!



IT'S LUCKY NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE HERE OR WE'D FACE A MURDER RAP!

THAT EVENING, IN THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I SAW GRANT YOUNG YESTERDAY, AND HE LOOKED CHEERFUL!

NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANY MORE, AFTER SEEING A CAT TURN ROGER RYALL INTO A LUNATIC!

OPTIMISM VEHICLES
TIN MAGNATE
IS SUICIDE!

NOT EVEN THIS!

THE BAT SIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON'S INVITATION TO BATMAN AND ROBIN TO EXCITEMENT—I HOPE!

IN POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE, MINUTES LATER...

BATMAN AND ROBIN, THIS IS DR. RICHTER! HE WAS TREATING YOUNG BEFORE HIS DEATH!

AS HIS PSYCHOANALYST, NOT PHYSICIAN, I'M SURE HE DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE VOLUNTARILY! HE COULDN'T HAVE CLIMBED THAT LIGHTHOUSE!

HE SUFFERED FROM HYPHOSOPHOBIA, A FEAR OF HEIGHTS! HIS DEATH FORCES ME TO SPEAK OF OTHER CRIMES KEPT SECRET TILL NOW!

OTHER CRIMES?

ONE OF MY PATIENTS, JOHN WEST, FEARED SHADOWS—SKIOPHOBIA, IT'S CALLED! HILDA GRANVILLE HAD CATOPTROPHOBIA, A DREAD OF MIRRORS! BOTH WERE ROBBED BY MEN WHO KNEW THEIR WEAKNESSES!

SOME DAYS AGO I FOUND MY OFFICE WINDOW FORCED OPEN, AND MY CASE FILES DISARRANGED!

AND YOU THINK SOMEONE BROKE IN AND LEARNED YOUR PATIENTS' MENTAL TROUBLES—AND IS USING THE KNOWLEDGE CRIMINALLY?

AT DR. RICHTER'S OFFICE...

YOU REALIZE HOW TERRIBLE THIS KNOWLEDGE COULD BE IN THE HANDS OF AN UNSCRUPULOUS PERSON!

I REALIZE HOW TERRIBLE IT'S BEEN ALREADY FOR GRANT YOUNG - IF YOU'RE RIGHT!

HERE'S SOMEONE NAMED MILTON REILLY WHO IS BOTHERED WITH CATOPHOBIA - FEAR OF CATS! THAT MUST BE ROGER REILLY'S TROUBLE!

THAT'S INTERESTING! LET ME SEE THAT CARD, ROBIN!



I REMEMBER REILLY - A BIG HEAVYSET FELLOW! TWO CRUDE CHARACTERS BROUGHT HIM HERE, AND HE WAS INTERESTED IN WHAT I HAD TO SAY ABOUT PHOBIAS.

HMMM...

WE'LL MAKE A LIST OF SOME OF THESE PATIENTS, ROBIN - THEN VISIT A PET SHOP!

PET SHOP? I DON'T GET IT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS CHARLES TEMPLE, A STOCKBROKER AND A PATIENT OF DR. RICHTER, GOES TO HIS OFFICE...

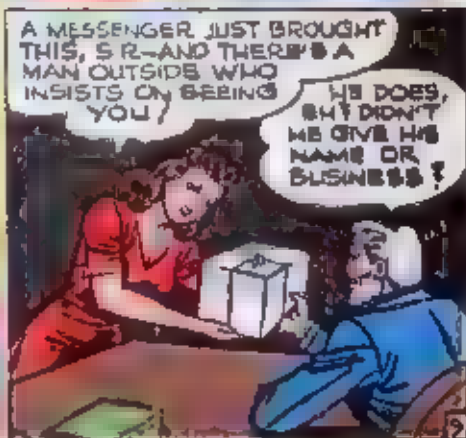
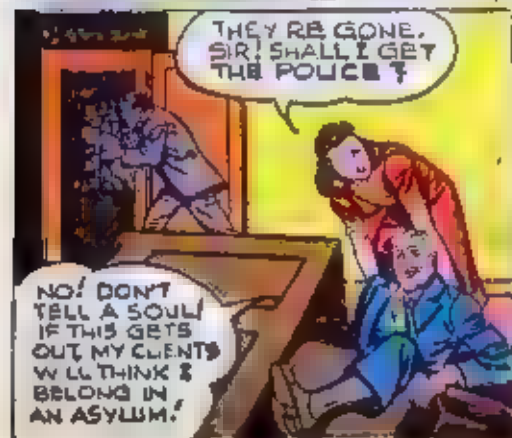
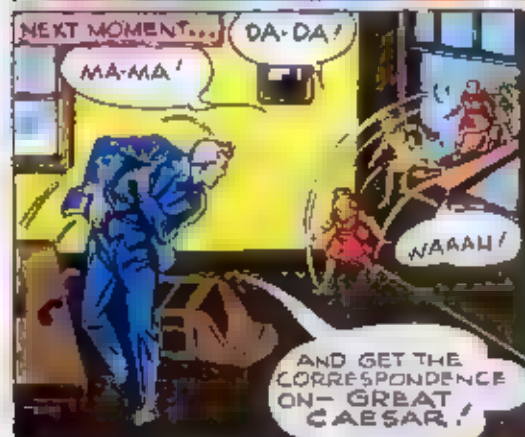
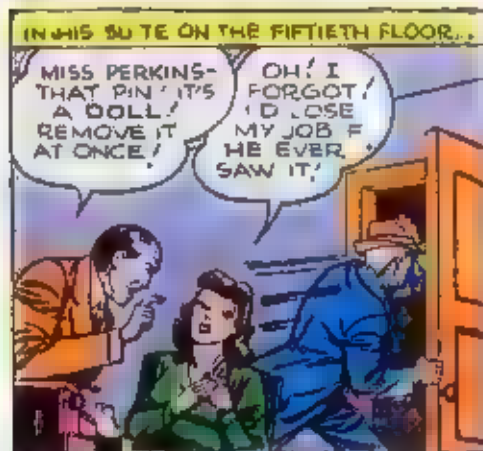
HERE'S YOUR MONEY! NOW GET OUT OF SIGHT! MR. TEMPLE'S CAR IS HERE!

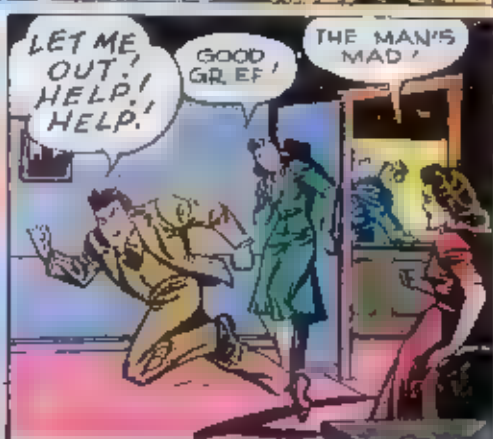
SO HE DOESN'T LIKE KIDS? THAT'S OKAY AS LONG AS I GET PAID FOR IT!

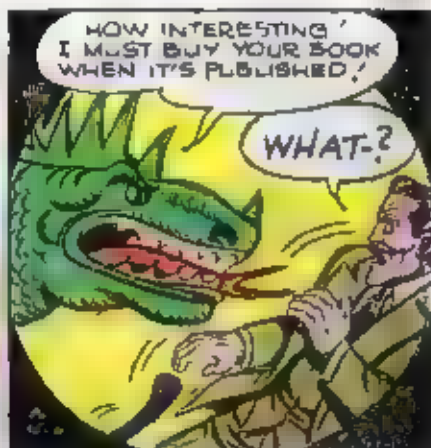
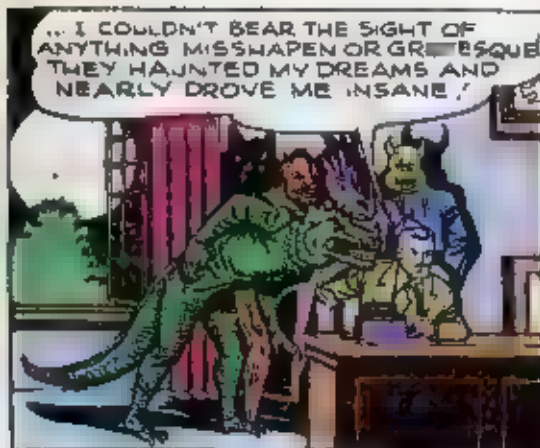
ANYTHING WRONG, MR. TEMPLE? YOU SEEM WORRIED!

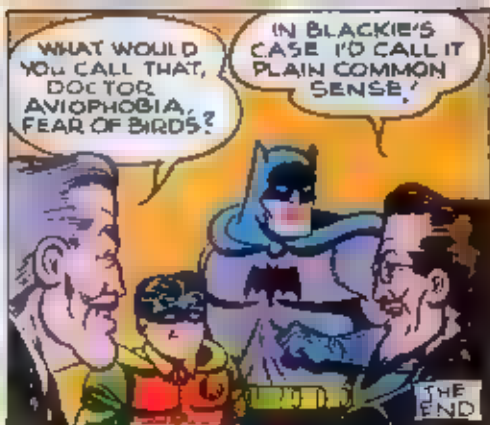
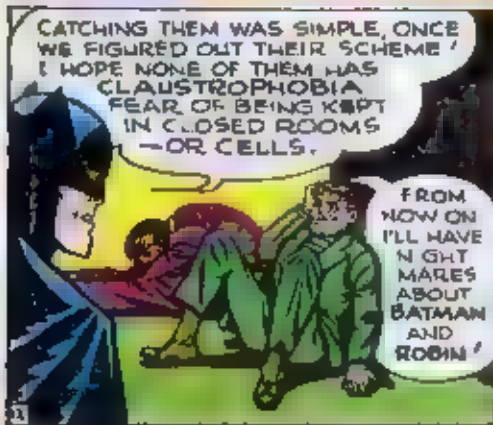
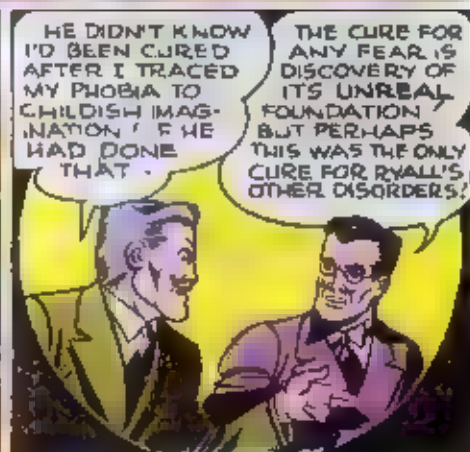
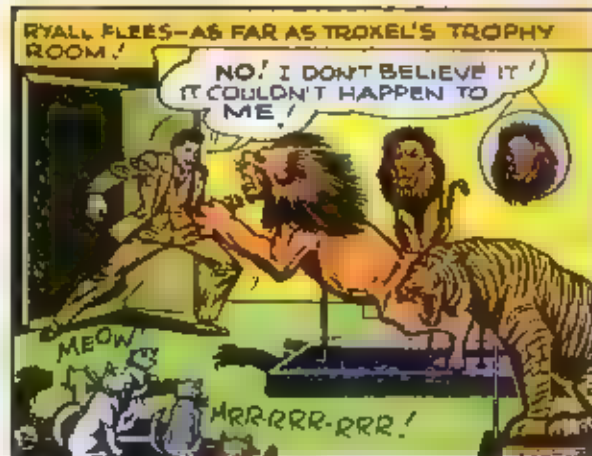
YOU'D BE WORRIED, TOO, IF YOU HAD PEDOPHOBIA AND COULDN'T LOOK AT A CHILD OR DOLL WITHOUT LOSING YOUR HEAD!











WANT TO BE A

champion dancer?

Famous Dance Man Arthur Murray Shows You How in Wheatsies New Library of Sports Books;



MAGIC STEP

LOOK! Your copy of "Let's Dance" includes photographs for making Arthur Murray's Magic Step. An easy way to master Murray's Magic Step—the secret of his step-to-lead method.



IN A HURRY

GOY! Biddy! Learn the Lindy, the Fox Trot, the Walk-Around, the Watusi, including built-in steps for all popular dances. And here is a book from Arthur Murray, America's best known dance instructor.



PERSONAL UNION

ENTER! Get begun with "Let's Dance" book, and in one easy way learn to lead and follow. Arthur Murray, America's best known dance instructor, shows you the secrets of his personal dance union, as well as the correct technique for making it work. With new, quick and easy steps, you will be able to lead and follow in your Murray Wheatsies dancing.

Dancing is fun — a pleasant sport — a healthful exercise — a social asset.

Dancing will help you to be a popular member of your gang. Dancing is easy too, (even if you've never danced before) once you learn the magic methods of Arthur Murray.

You teach yourself. No partner is needed for preliminary lessons. All you need is a copy of Arthur Murray's new 44-page book, "Let's Dance," and a

phonograph or radio. Especially posed pictures and two-color dance diagrams help make learning easy.

All the basic instruction you need to step out confidently on any dance floor is your Murray Wheatsies book. There's a special section on dance floor etiquette that will help you feel at home and at ease. Plus a valuable list of "Dance Don'ts" that will head off errors made by most beginners.



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Dept. 173, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me Wheatsies new Library of Sports book, "Let's Dance," by Arthur Murray, America's most famous dance master. I enclose only the cash and Wheaties box too.

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*Two of America's
Most Famous Boys!*



ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

TWO-FISTED ACTION-PAL
OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING

BATMAN

NOW ON HIS OWN
IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT
AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS!

-AND

SUPERBOY

-THE THRILLING, ACTION-
PACKED STORY OF

SUPERMAN

WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

IN EVERY GREAT ISSUE OF

**Adventure
COMICS!**

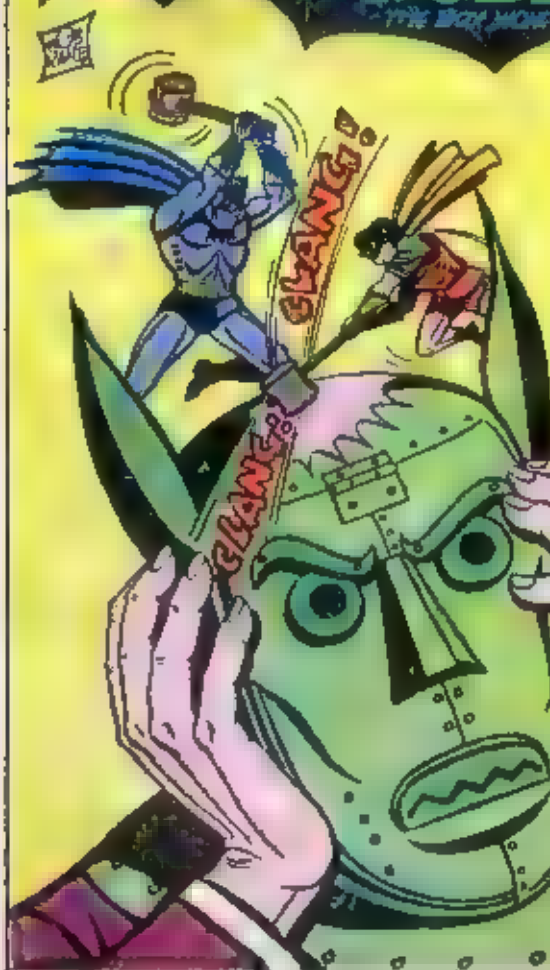


BE SURE TO GET THESE TWO GREAT
MAGAZINES AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

THE DARK KNIGHT



"MASK—A COVER, OR PARTIAL COVER, FOR THE FACE USED FOR DISGUISE, THAT WHICH CONCEALS OR DISGUISES; AS A PRETEXT OR SUBTERFUGE."

—WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

BUT NOT ALL MASKS SERVE THE ABOVE PURPOSES, FOR THERE IS THAT MOST DIABOLIC MASK OF ALL—THE MASK OF SHAME. TO IRON-HAT FERRIS CAME THE HUMILIATING TASK OF WEARING THIS ANCIENT HELMET OF DISGRACE. AND TO BATMAN AND ROBIN CAME THE DANGEROUS TASK OF CAPTURING AND UNMASKING—

OR **THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!**



IN A DESERTED
WAREHOUSE, A
CROOK'S KANGAROO
COURT S IN SESSION...

HERE WE
IS, SPECS!

HELLO, RON-
HAT, BEEN TAKING
MUSIC LESSONS?
I HEAR YOU SING
LIKE A BIRD—
STOOL PIGEON!

THE COPPERS PICKED UP MITCH
AND HEIST, SLIM, HERE SPOTTED
YOU SINGING TO THE COPPERS,
IRON-HAT! SO, WE'RE GOING TO
CLIP YOUR WINGS...



SEE THIS? IT'S AN ANCIENT
SCHANDEMASKE, OR MASK
OF SHAME! IN THE MIDDLE
AGES, SINNERS WERE MADE TO
WEAR THEM AS A
BADGE OF DISHONOR!

YOU'VE BEEN A TRAITOR
TO THE MOB, SO YOU'LL
WEAR THAT KIND OF IRON
HAT NOW! AN IRON BIRD
CAGE FOR A STOOL
PIGEON!

NO...
NO!



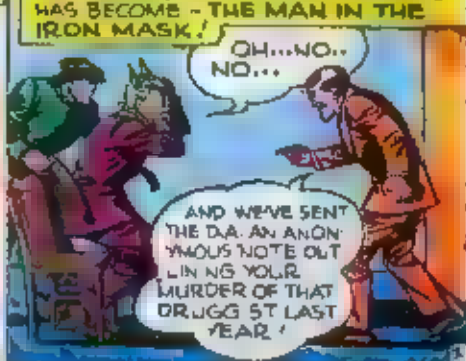
MORRIFIED, IRON-HAT WATCHES THE BIZARRE
MASK'S LOCK BANDS BEING WELDED TO-
GETHER, HELPLESS TO RESIST THE DIABOL-
IC PLAN...

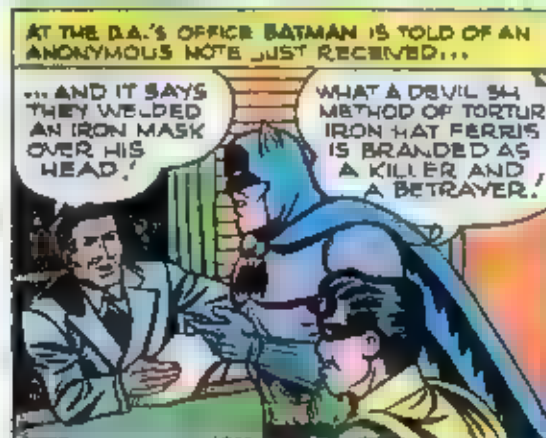
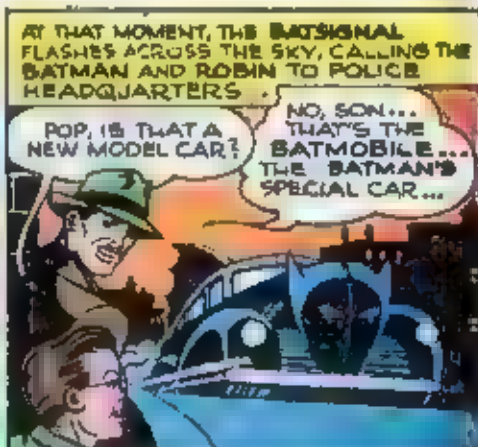
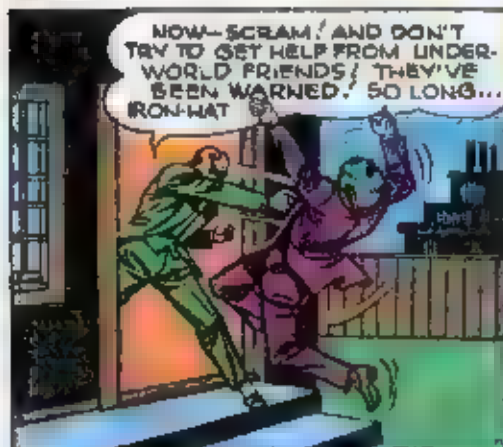
THEN LIKE THE SHADLOWY FIGURE OF
A STORY MADE FAMOUS BY ALEXAN-
DER DUMAS, CROOKDOM'S TRAITOR
HAS BECOME - THE MAN IN THE
IRON MASK!

NO!
DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
DON'T...
PLEASE...

OH...NO..
NO...

AND WE'VE SENT
THE D.A. AN ANON-
YMOUS NOTE OUT
LINING YOUR
MURDER OF THAT
DRUGGIST LAST
YEAR!





AT 'PAL' JOEY'S FLAT...

G'WAN! LAM, STOOE... BE-FORE THE BOYS FIND OUT I BEEN TALKIN' TO YA.

YA CAN'T TURN ME DOWN HELP ME 'BE A PAL, JOEY'

I COULD BE A PAL- FOR A THOUSAND SMACKERS!

A THOU...?! BUT I'M BUSTED! SPECS TOOK ALL MY DOUGH AND THE COPPER'S ARE WATCHIN' MY FLAT

A GRAND'S MY PRICE! GET IT!

MAYBE I CALL PULL A JOB AND GET THE DOUGH! YOU WAIT... I'LL BE BACK!

BUT JOEY'S UNEASY

MAYBE THE GANG TRAILED HIM HERE TO TEST ME? I GOTTA COVER MYSELF! I'LL CALL THE COPPER'S..

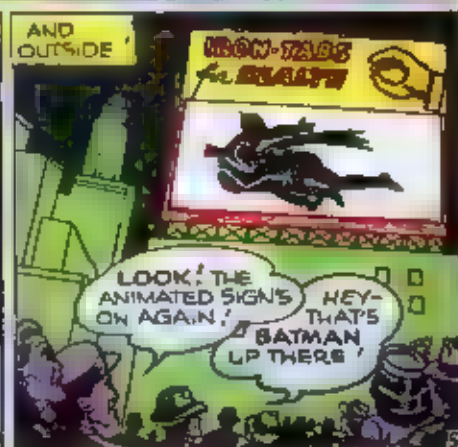
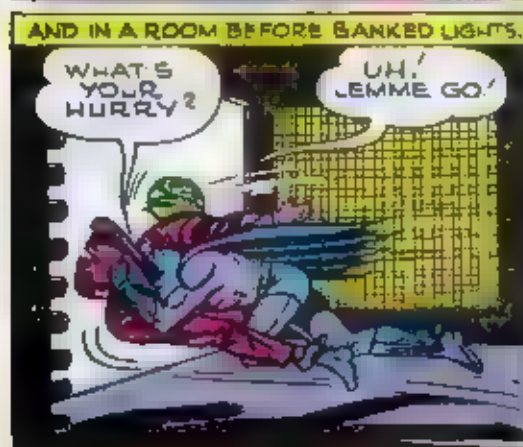
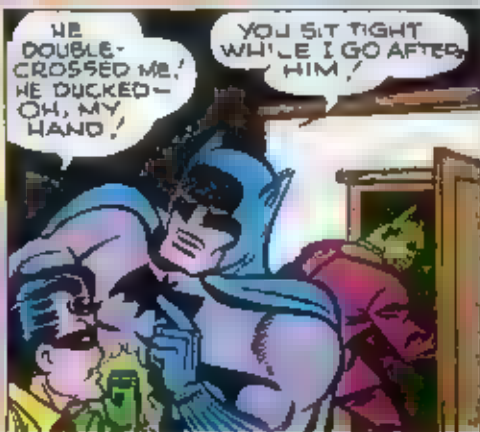
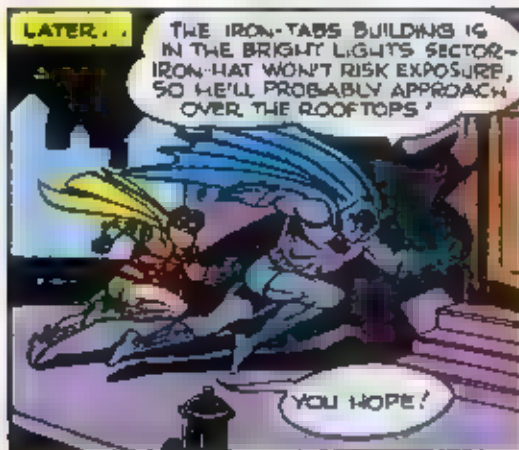
THE CALL...

THAT WAS AN ANON YMOUS STOOBIE. IRON HAT'S GOING TO BREAK INTO THE IRON-TABS BUILDING! WE'LL SURROUND THE PLACE AND-

NO! IF IRON HAT SPOTS POLICE HE'LL GO UNDER, COVER

ROBIN AND I WILL WAIT FOR HIM THERE! WE'LL GET HIM!

WELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT REMEMBER- I'M UP FOR REELECTION AND IF YOU FALL DOWN ON TH'S, I FALL WITH YOU! MY OPPONENT, KENDALL, WILL SEE TO THAT!



YES UNWITTINGLY BATMAN AND IRON MASK ARE BATTLING BEFORE THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS THAT TRANSFER THE R. SILHOUETTED ACTION TO THE INCANDESCENT SIGN!



IT'S BATMAN! HE'S FIGHTING THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!

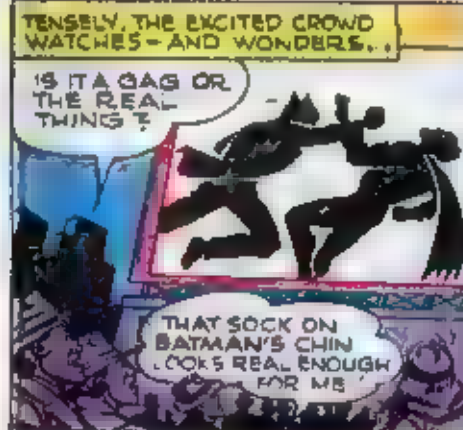


TENSELY, THE EXCITED CROWD WATCHES - AND WONDERS...

IS IT A GAG OR THE REAL THING?



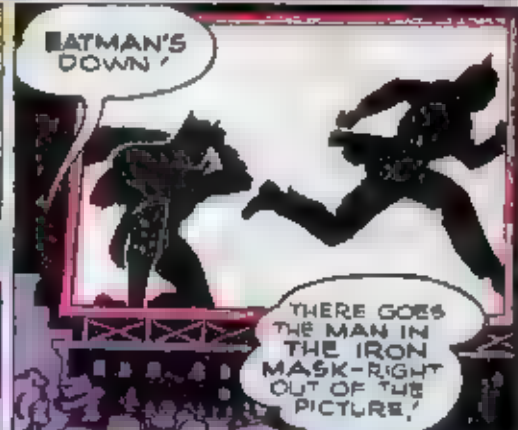
THAT SOCK ON BATMAN'S CHIN LOOKS REAL ENOUGH FOR ME!



BATMAN'S DOWN!

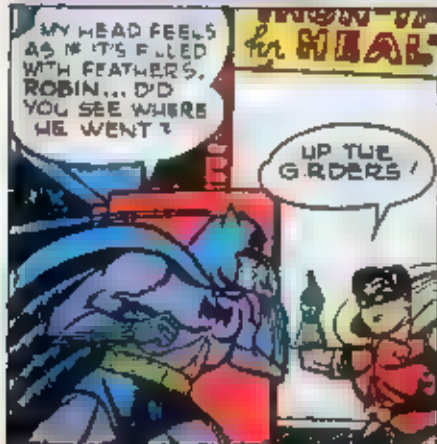


THERE GOES THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK - RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE!



MY HEAD FEELS AS IF IT'S FILLED WITH FEATHERS. ROBIN... DID YOU SEE WHERE HE WENT?

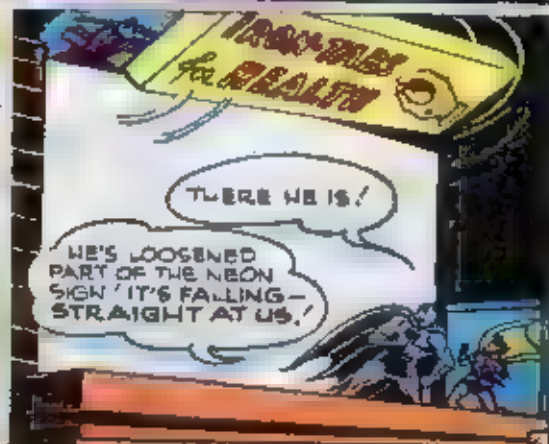
UP THE GRIDERS!



IRON MASK & REALITY

THERE HE IS!

HE'S LOOSENED PART OF THE NEON SIGN! IT'S FALLING - STRAIGHT AT US!





OOOWAH. THAT
ALMOST IRONED
US OUT FLAT—
AND THAT'S
NO PUN

NOW IRON-HAT'S
UNDER COVER—
WHILE WE'RE ON
THE CARPET. WELL,
WE MIGHT AS WELL
REPORT TO THE D.A....



LATER, AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

OH I KNOW I COULDN'T
BE HELPED, I'M NOT
BLAMING YOU, BUT
MY OPPONENT WILL
USE IRON-HAT AS
A POLITICAL
CLUB.



THE OPPONENT—
HENRY KENDALL

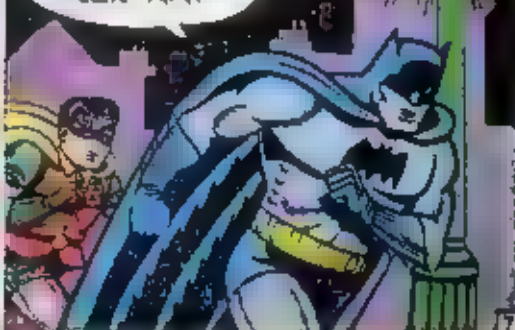
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY IS RE-
SPONSIBLE, BECAUSE
OF HIS INCOMPETENCE,
A DANGEROUS KILLER
IS LOOSE ON OUR
STREETS!



I DEMAND THAT THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY EXPLAIN HIS FAILURE
TO CATCH IRON-HAT FERRIS
THE VOTERS OF OUR CITY
DESERVE AN ANSWER



THE D.A. DEPENDED
ON US AND WE LET
HIM DOWN, WE'VE
GOT TO FIND
IRON-HAT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE SHADOWS, A HARRIED,
FURTIVE FIGURE MOVES A MESSY

I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE
WITH BATMAN AFTER
ME. AN' I'M TIRED OF
HIDIN' IN BACK ALLEYS.
I'M GONNA GIVE MY-
SELF UP...

SUDDENLY A CAR DRAWS UP.

IRON-HAT FERRIS, WITH
EVERYONE LOOKING FOR
HIM. I OF ALL PEOPLE
FIND HIM! WHAT LUCK!

HELP-
ME?

PESSY, GET IN!
I'LL HELP YOU!

WHY
SHOULD
YOU
HELP
ME?

IT'S ONLY
FAIR... AFTER
ALL YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP
ME - TO GET
ELECTED AS
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY!

SOON, A REIGN OF TERROR HOVERS OVER THE
CITY - AN IRON REIGN - BY THE MAN IN THE
IRON MASK!

A GOLD
CARGO OF AN
"IRON HORSE".

THE PAYROLL OF AN
IRON WORKS.

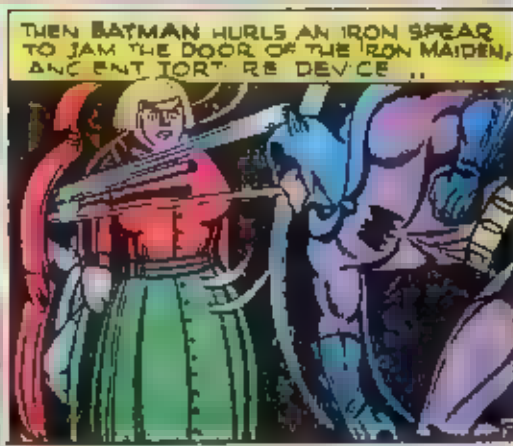
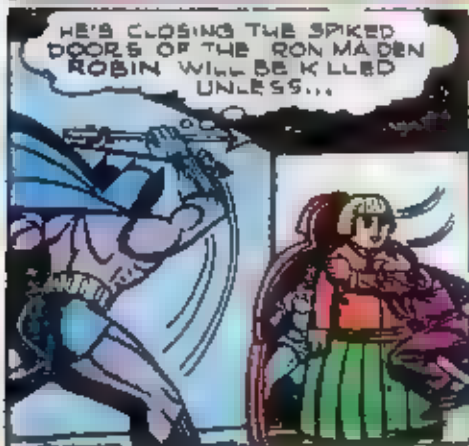
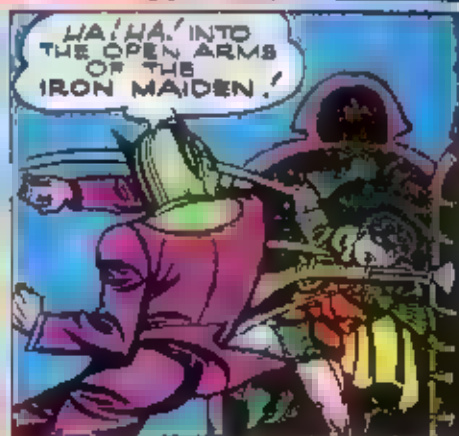
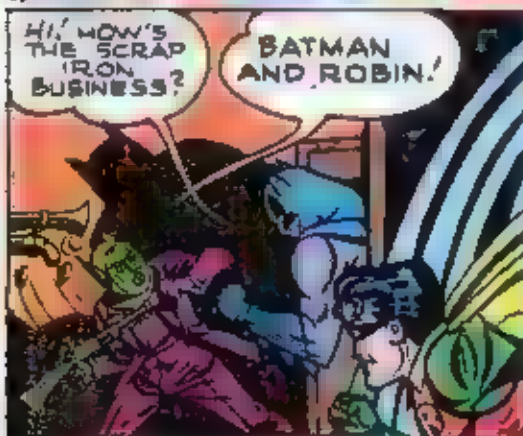
A FLAT IRON COMPANY SAFE

I DON'T
GET IT!
WHY ALL
THESE
"IRON"
JOBS?

PERHAPS HE'S BECOME
MENTALLY DERANGED,
AND BLAMING IRON
FOR HIS TROUBLE.
THIS IS HIS METHOD
OF REVENGE.

LOOK
AT
THIS!

RARE EXHIBIT
OF IRON OBJECTS
HOBBYIST ALLOWS
PUBLIC TO VIEW
HIS COLLECTION
OF UNIQUE IRON
OBJECTS INCLUDING
RARE COIT "SHOOTIN"
IRON" USED BY
OLDTIME WESTERN
BADMEN.



BUT, IN THAT MOMENT, BATMAN IS OFF-GUARD ...

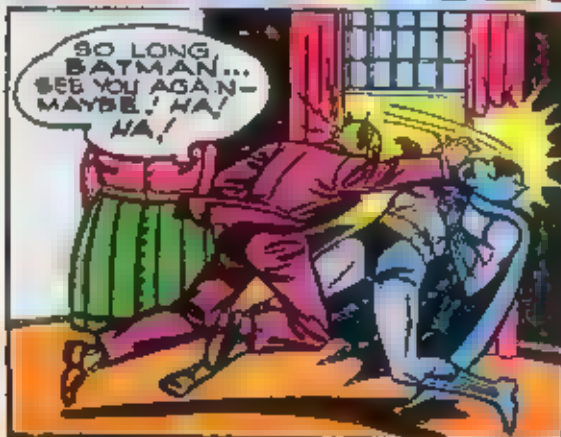
OH!!



THOUGH DAZED, BATMAN GRAPPLES WITH THE IRON CLAD THUG — AND PASSES A SMALL SUCTION CUP AGAINST THE UNFEELING SHELL OF THE IRON MASK.



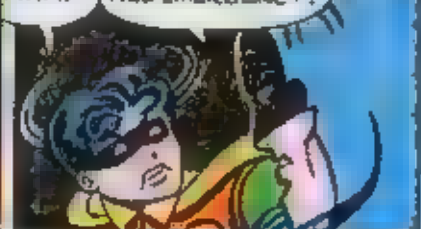
SO LONG, BATMAN... SEE YOU AGAIN— MAYBE! HA! HA!



MOMENTS LATER...

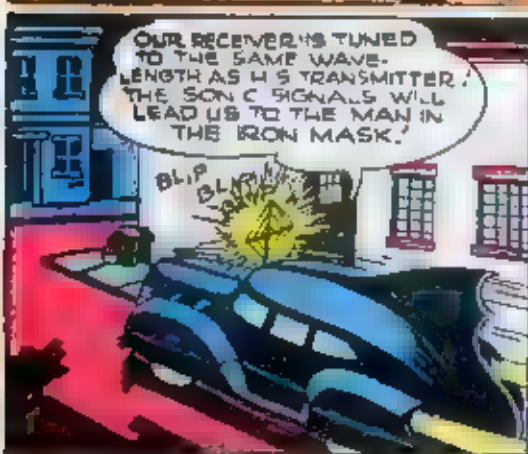
NOT EXACTLY! HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S CARRYING A TINY TRANSMITTER OF SONIC SIGNALS IN A SUCTION CUP ON HIS MASK! I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY!

HE GOT AWAY!



OUR RECEIVER IS TUNED TO THE SAME WAVELENGTH AS HIS TRANSMITTER! THE SONIC SIGNALS WILL LEAD US TO THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!

BLIP BLIP



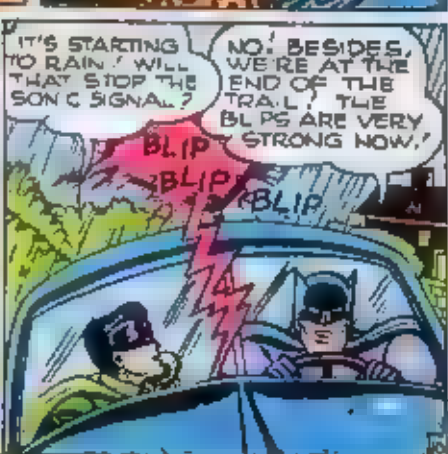
IT'S STARTING TO RAIN! WILL THAT STOP THE SONIC SIGNAL?

NO! BESIDES, WE'RE AT THE END OF THE TRAIL! THE BLIPS ARE VERY STRONG NOW!

BLIP

BLIP

BLIP



IN THE CELLAR OF AN OLD MANSION...

I'M BACK!
THE MAN IN THE
IRON MASK HAS
DONE HIS LAST
ROBBERY! THE
GAME'S OVER...

...AND
SO ARE
YOU!

NO...NO...
YOU
CAN'T!

THAT'S RIGHT...
YOU CAN'T...
AND WON'T!

BATMAN!
HOW...??

WE
CAN DO
WITHOUT
THE GUN!

UH...YES...I DON'T
NEED THE GUN! I'LL
SMASH YOU WITH MY
IRON SKULL—AS I'VE
DONE BEFORE! HA/HA!

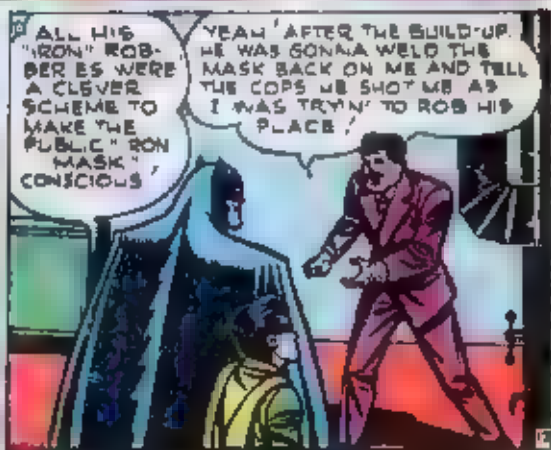
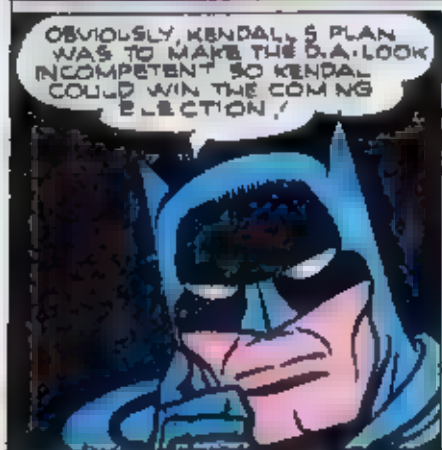
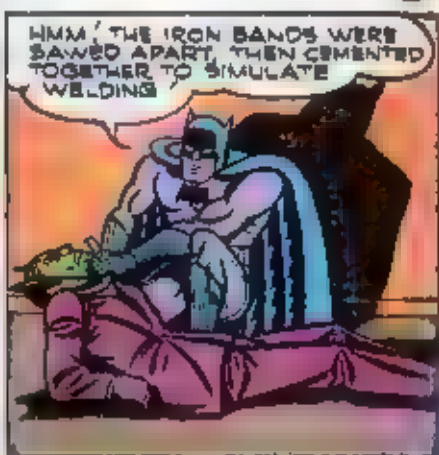
BUT BATMAN
IS AGAIN PRE-
PARED—THIS
TIME WITH
IRON GLOVES!

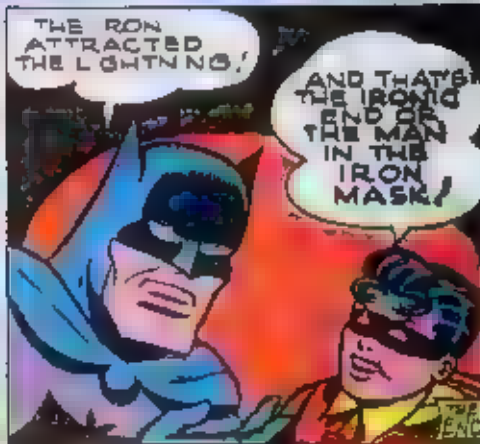
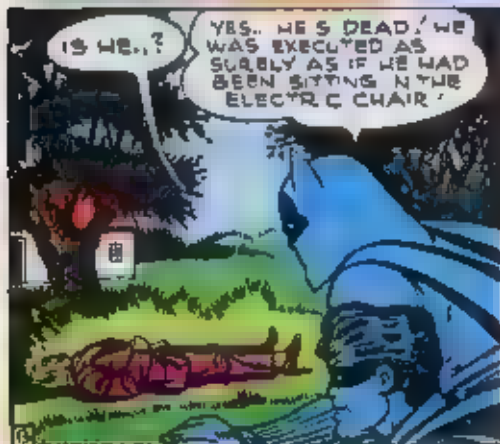
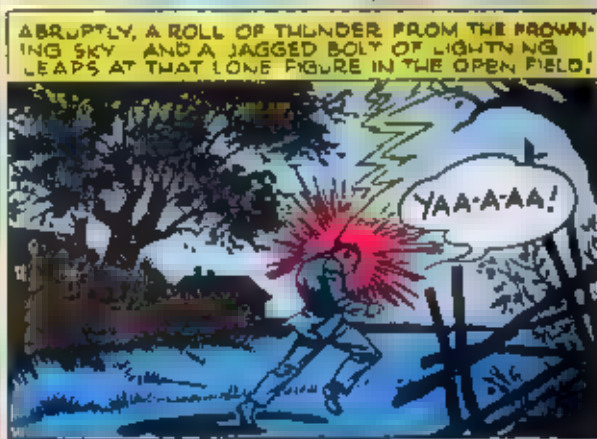
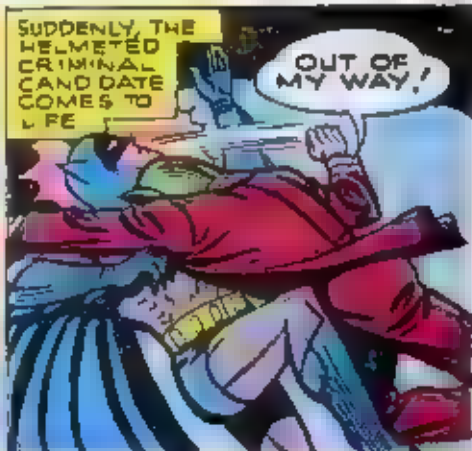
NOT QUITE... THIS TIME I'VE
GOT IRON FISTS—TWO OLD
ROMAN BOXING GLOVES!
I BORROWED THEM FROM
THAT HOBBYIST'S COL-
LECTION!

THE ROMANS CALLED THIS
MAILED FIST A GESTUS. THIS
PUNCH SHOULD RATTLE YOUR
HEAD AND—YOU'LL KNOCK
YOURSELF OUT!

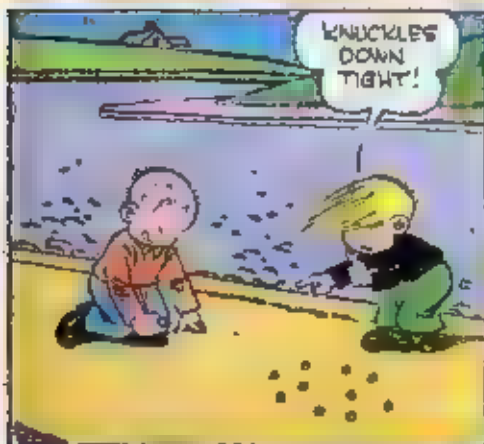
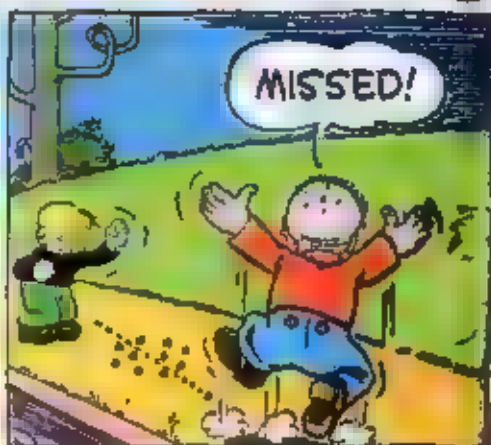
UGHHH!

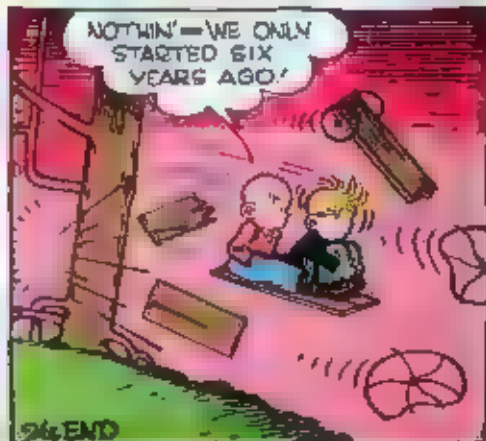
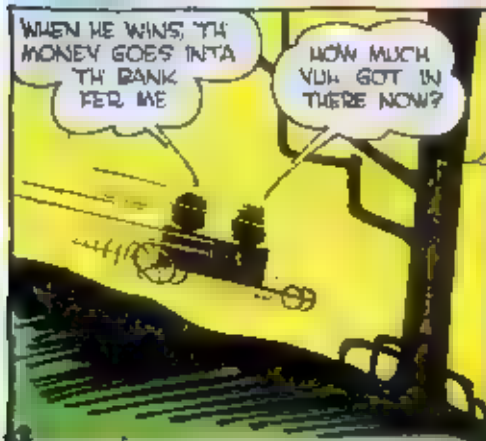
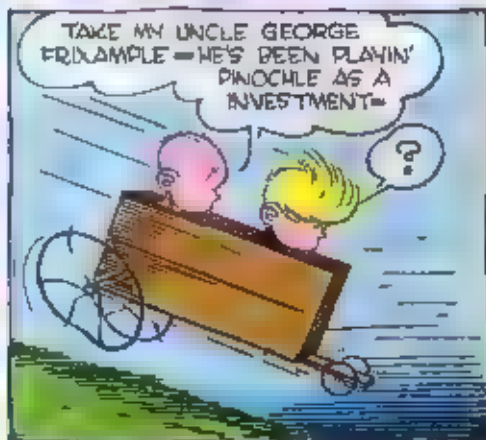
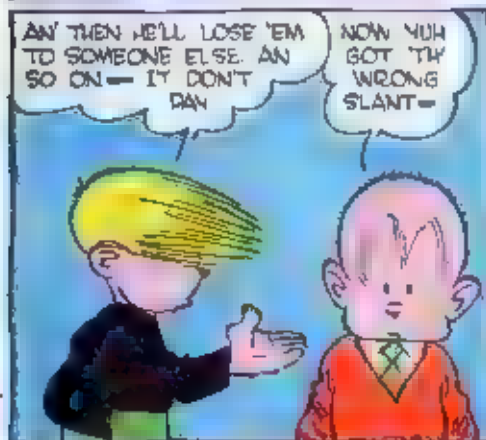
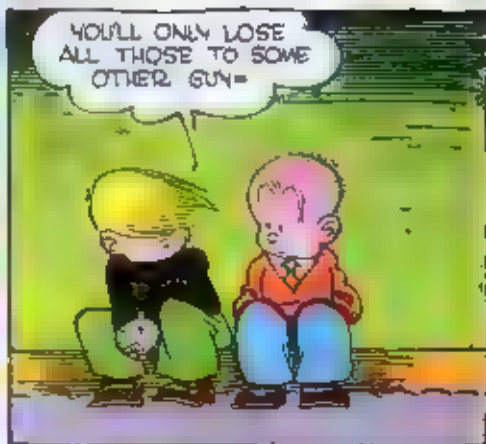
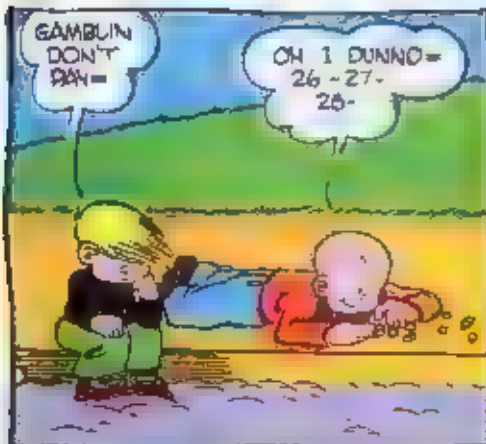
UHHH!





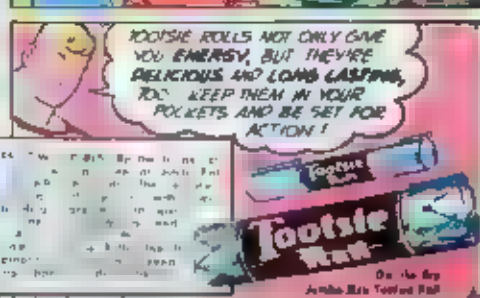






TOOTSIE ROLL Captain Tootsie SAVED THE SAILPLANE

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is for
PORCUPINE.

A SHARP SORT OF CHAP
WHOM TO SIT DOWN ON
WOULD BE A MISHAP.
BUT SHOULD THIS ADVICE PROVE
TO BE ALL IN VAIN,
COMIC BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL
WILL BANISH ALL PAIN.



-ON THE COVER OF
**MORE FUN
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE.

DEATH SERENADE

by Desmond Walters

OLD Ben Ali, the Hindu *fakir*, spent the hot afternoons in his accustomed place down on the dock, amusing the tourists. There were some who said Ben Ali wasn't a real *fakir*, that he could do only a few simple tricks.

But Ben Ali's detractors could be discounted. After all, they were far the most part *fakirs* themselves, or mountebanks or magicians or tumblers. And they weren't quite as successful with the tourists as old Ben Ali, for they hadn't mastered his rope trick. The tourists' favorite was the rope trick. It was, of course, an optical illusion—any *fakir* knows that. Some of the tourists knew it, too, but they enjoyed the show just the same.

With a simple coil of rope, and the aid of his nephew, Young Ali, the old man did his wonderful trick. The tourists would marvel as, untouched by human hands, the rope climbed high into the air, young Ali atop it. Then, lightly and nimbly, young Ali would slide down the suspended strand.

The tourists would applaud wildly. And their donations, which they dropped into the basket resting in front of old Ali's crossed legs, were always generous.

It is safe to say that old Ben Ali was the most popular *fakir* in the country. Even his music charmed the tourists, many of whom used to linger and listen to the weird sounds emanating from the antique instrument. Sometimes, young Ali would sing to the simple music, but usually the boy preferred to listen.

In the hot, unshaded area, the boy sat talking to old Ben Ali. "We have made much money these past months, oh, uncle," he said, "Allah has been good to us."

"Allah be praised!" the old man said. "But, remember—for better ears no mention of money must be made." He smiled indulgently at his nephew. "When you go to Bombay or Madras for your education,

you must be the finest dressed student in all India."

For years now, it had been old Ben Ali's dream to send his nephew to a fine school, that he might grow up to be a pundit and bring glory to the name of Ali. For that, he had saved his money.

But there were others who had plans quite different from Ben Ali's—plans that concerned Ben Ali's money.

The thieves of the market place often discussed old Ben Ali and his reputed wealth. Banas, the beggar, said "But it is true, Farkas, I saw him with my own eyes buying an enormous ruby, just yesterday."

Farkas, the leader of the thieves, closed his eyes. He appeared lost in thought. "Yes, I, too, have been thinking of Old Ben Ali's fortune," he said, "and I am convinced that he hides it in his shack, where he lives alone."

"Shallah, a pickpocket spoke. "But do you not fear his music?" he ventured cautiously, for all knew the rages into which Farkas could fly when anyone opposed him. "They say his serenades can charm even the evil spirits and make them do his bidding."

Farkas' eyes glinted evilly. "Faugh!" he said. "That is but old wives' talk! What harm can possibly be done by one so ancient? He leaned back to let the full import of what he had to say sink in. "Can you not see that Ben Ali is full of fear? I have learned that ten years ago he was a *fakir* in Bombay. At that time, he used to charm a cobra. But 'im said that he grew to fear the reptile so much that one day he got rid of it. It was then that he learned the secret of the rope and and the music."

Farkas' hands opened and closed slowly, as though they were about a throat. "Tonight," he said, "I will have the old man's fortune. Or his life."

Meanwhile, as this momentous meeting

was taking place, old Ben Ali was bidding his nephew good-night. It was time to go home and prepare the evening meal. "After eating, one should sleep, oh nephew," he said, "for when one is old, much rest is needed."

Young Ali smiled. "Tonight we do not practice the music and the new trick?" He was glad, for his friends were having a party.

Old Ben Ali shook his head. "You have ~~the~~ the new trick well, my son," he said fondly. "And soon you will take my place in the market square, until you are of age to go to school." The old man smiled as he thought of the new tricks, and how amazed the tourists and the other *fakirs* would be. Yes, soon now he would show the other *fakirs* how great a magician he was.

Slowly, he wended his way home, pausing now and then to exchange greetings with merchants along the way that he knew well.

In his hut at last, he placed his beloved horn on the rude pallet he called a bed. Then, after a light repast, for old Ali was one who believed dates and a little rice enough food for an old man at night, he dug into the floor. From its confines he brought out two small baskets, both of which were fastened with straps. He unfastened the straps on one of the baskets, unaware that gazing through a chink in the curtain was Farkas, king of the thieves.

Farkas' eyes popped as he saw the wealth of gold and rubies in the one basket. It was all he could do to contain himself as old Ali added the day's spoils to the pile. Only one basket did Ali open, but so great was Farkas' anxiety to get into the hut, that he did not notice that. The door being locked, it was necessary to knock and enter under the cloak of friendship.

This Farkas did and, after a suitable wait during which time Farkas knew old Ali was hiding the baskets beneath earth again, he was admitted.

"And to what do I owe this honor?" asked Ben Ali. "A visit from the king of thieves."

Farkas smiled. "I have heard of a remarkable musical instrument," he lied, "which might be obtained if you would care to buy."

He moved closer to Ali, who had seated himself on the pallet. Then, suddenly, he leaped. His fingers closed around the old man's throat. In an instant, the aged body was still.

Quickly, Farkas set to work digging up the baskets. His eyes glittered as he tore off the straps. "A fortune!" he breathed, looking at the basket of rubies and money. "A double fortune, for the other basket must be filled if he puts the daily returns into this one. He ran his hands greedily through the pile of wealth.

Then he paused, suddenly alert. Strange, weird music was filling the room. Farkas whistled. The old man hadn't died. He had recovered and was now sitting in the center of his pallet, blowing on a musical pipe. He looked calm and unconcerned about Farkas' presence.

Rage filled Farkas as he advanced slowly toward the old man. Behind him, the cover on the second basket was lifting slowly, but Farkas didn't see it. He was saying: "This time I will break your bones, old fool!"

But as he advanced toward old Ali, he stopped, frozen in his tracks. For the old man's eyes were not on him! And they were not fear-filled! They were staring beyond Farkas, at something behind his back.

Farkas whistled. Then he screamed.

It was too late. The cobra, which had slithered from the second basket, under the spell of old Ali's serenade, struck. Seconds later, Farkas was dead.

"He tried to steal my money," old Ben Ali explained to the English commissioner, an hour later. "He did not know that in the other basket was my new cobra, who will dance to the music of my favorite nephew, young Ali."

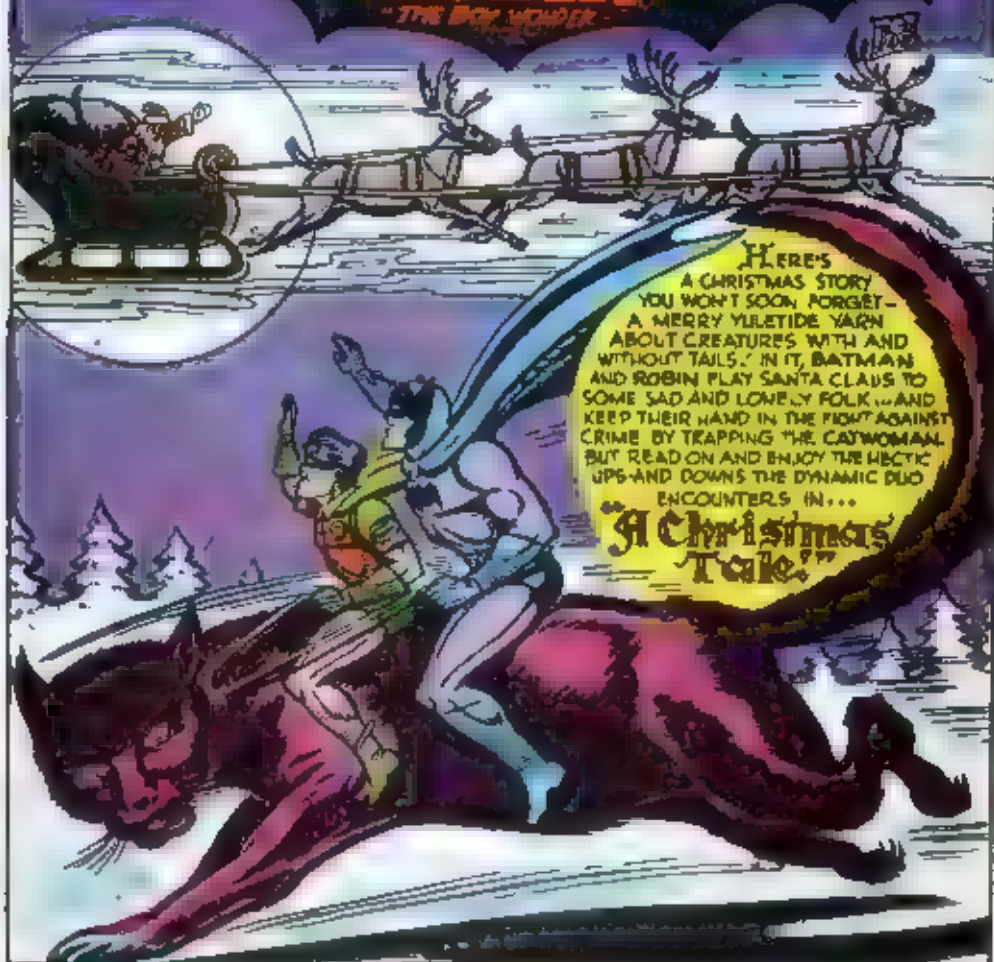
The commissioner looked at the old *fakir*. For fifteen years he had tried to cope with the minds of these Hindus. And Farkas had long tried his patience. He was well rid of the thief.

"Case dismissed," he said. "You followed the path of justice, Ben Ali." Nevertheless, he, too, wondered about the secret of Ali's serenade. But just try to get these *fakirs* to reveal their secrets!

BATMAN

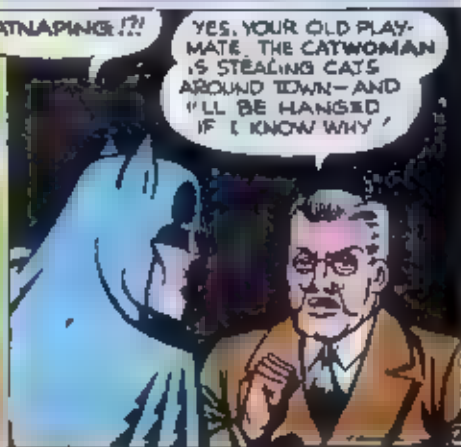
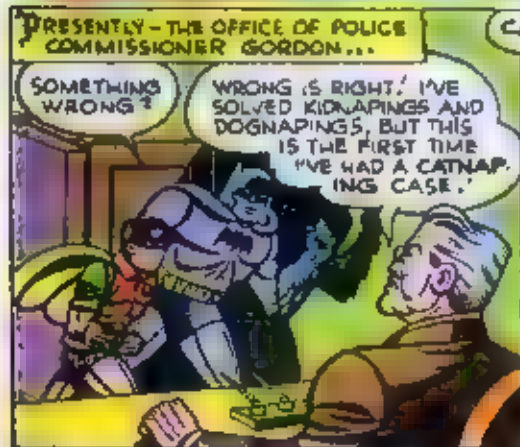
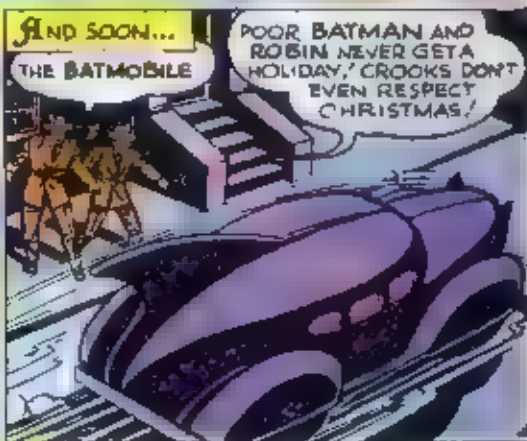
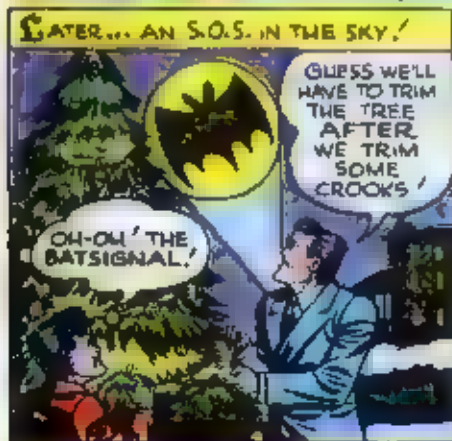
WITH
ROBIN

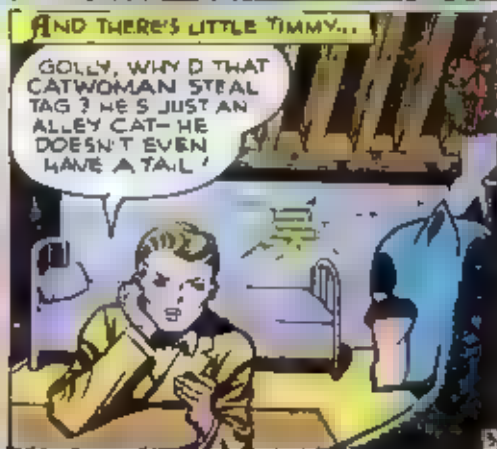
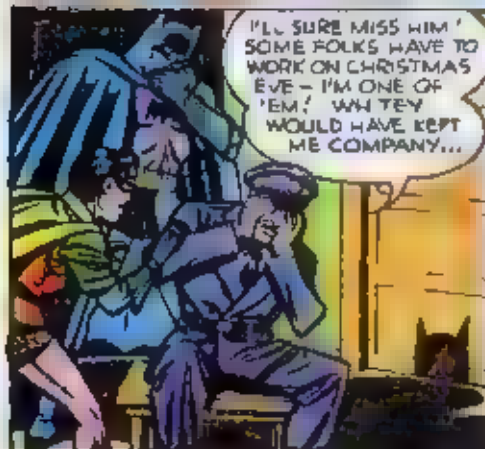
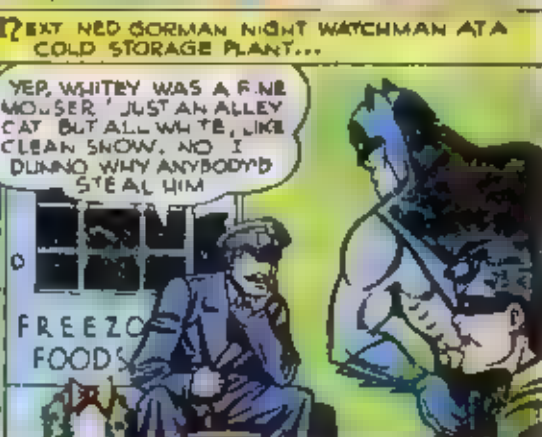
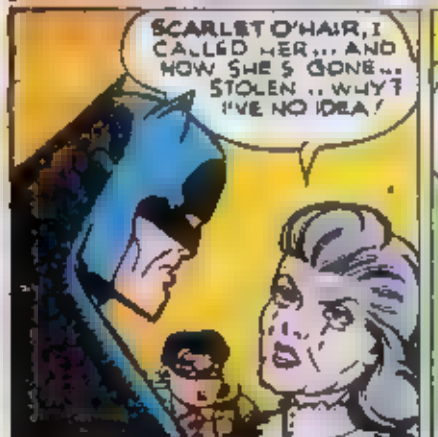
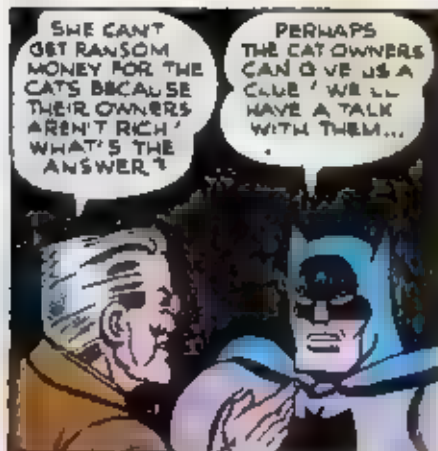
"THE BOY WONDER"

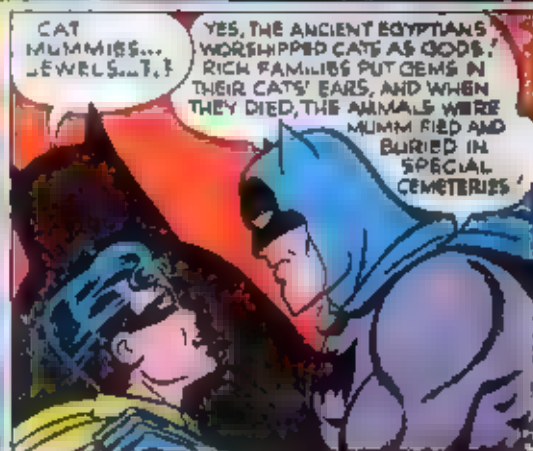
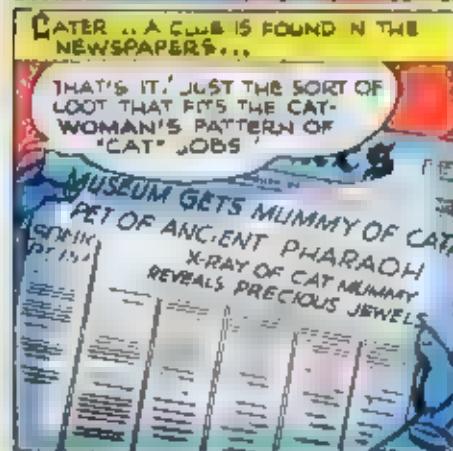
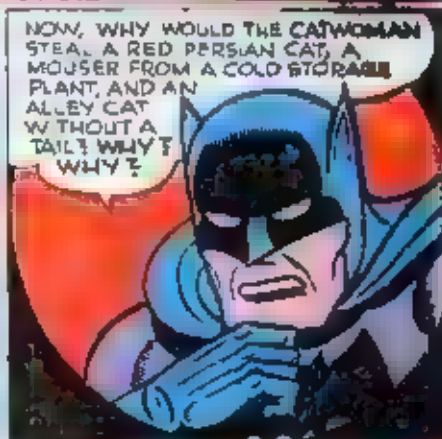
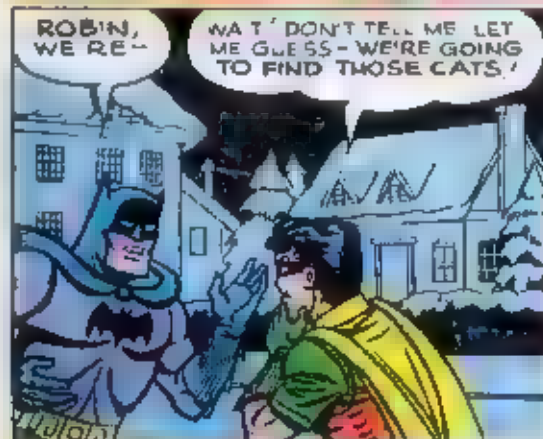
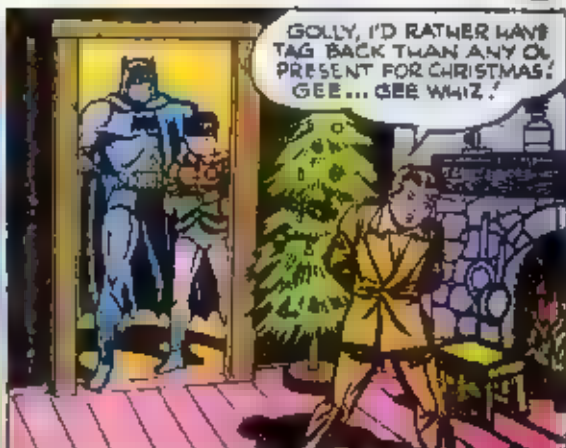


HERE'S
A CHRISTMAS STORY
YOU WON'T SOON FORGET -
A MERRY YULETIDE YARN
ABOUT CREATURES WITH AND
WITHOUT TAILS. IN IT, BATMAN
AND ROBIN PLAY SANTA CLAUS TO
SOME SAD AND LONELY FOLK...AND
KEEP THEIR HAND IN THE FIGHT AGAINST
CRIME BY TRAPPING THE CATWOMAN.
BUT READ ON AND ENJOY THE HECKY
UPS-AND-DOWNS THE DYNAMIC DUO
ENCOUNTERS IN...

**"A Christmas
Tale."**







THAT NIGHT... AT THE GOTHAM MUSEUM...

YES, THIEVES HAVE TRIED MANY RUSES TO GET BY ME! ONCE THEY LOADED A DOG WITH TNT, AND...

LISTEN...

MEOW.. MEOW..

A CAT? CAREFUL! IT MAY BE A TRICK!

NOT THIS TIME! NOTHING TIED TO THIS CAT... NOT EVEN A COLLAR! HERE KITTY...

SURE, KITTY'S JUST COLD!

SAY WHY'S HIS TAIL SO STIFF?

MEOW.. MEOW..

AGGH!

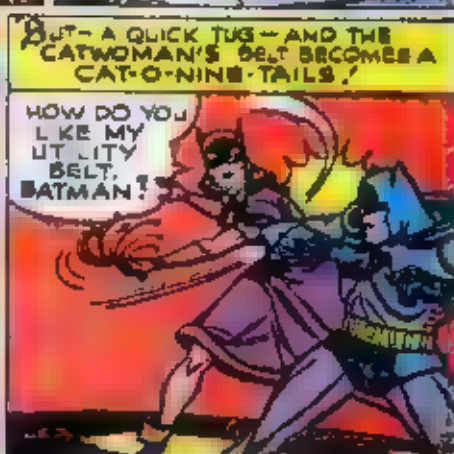
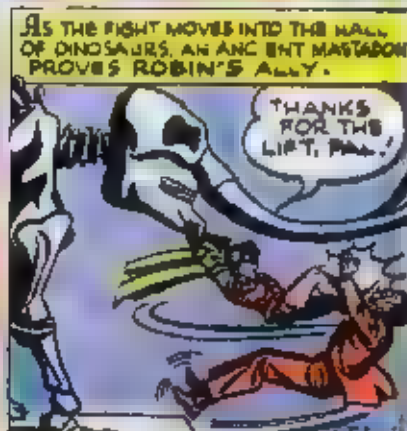
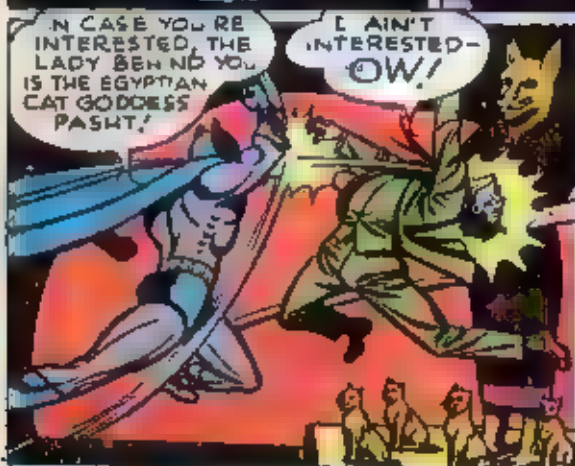
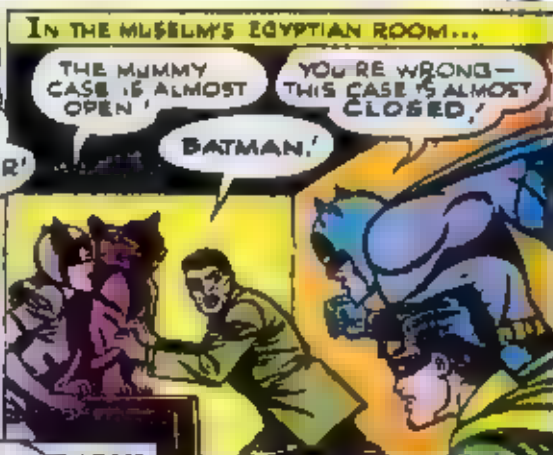
UH! GAS!

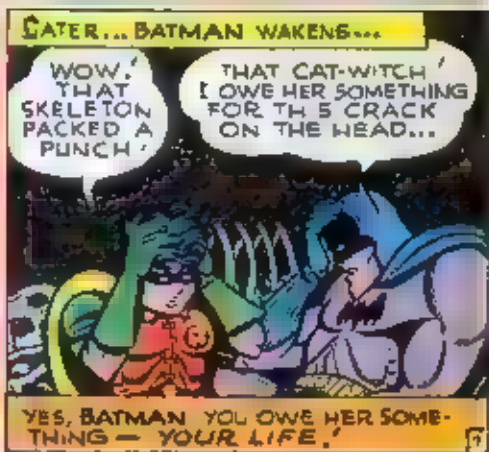
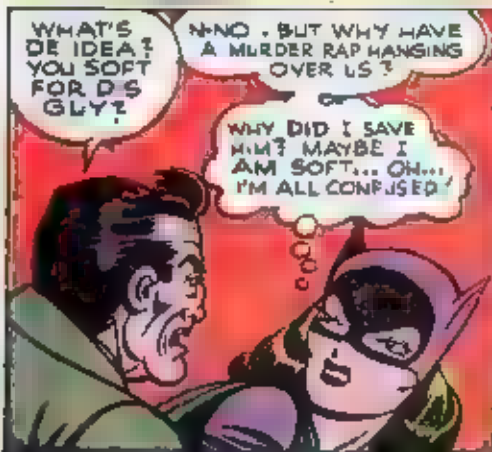
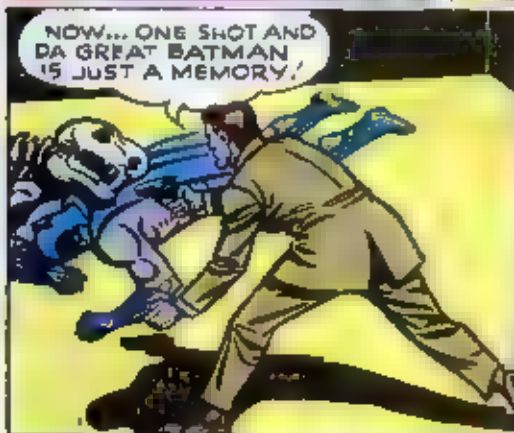
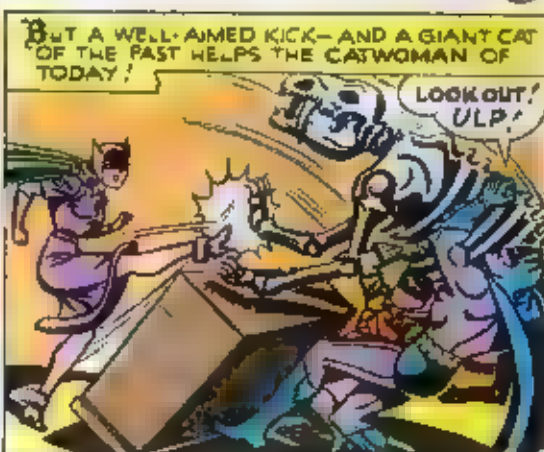
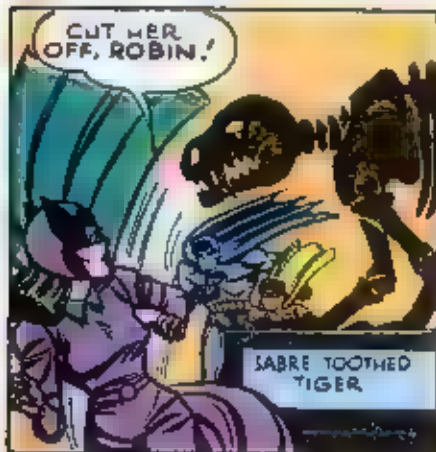
THEN, OUT OF A SLEEK FIELD, APPEARS — THE CATWOMAN!

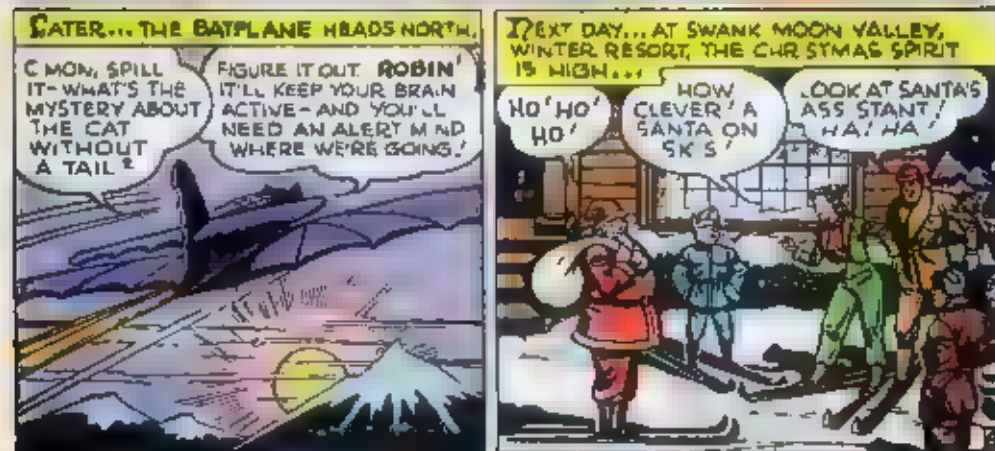
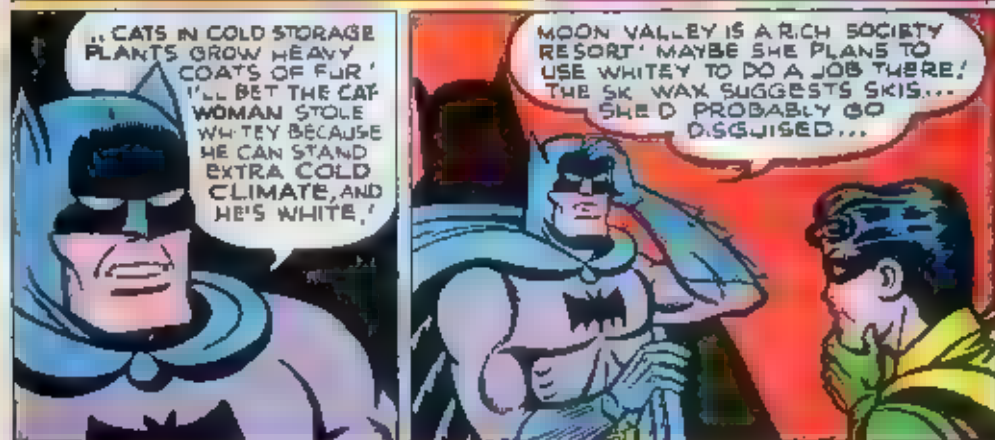
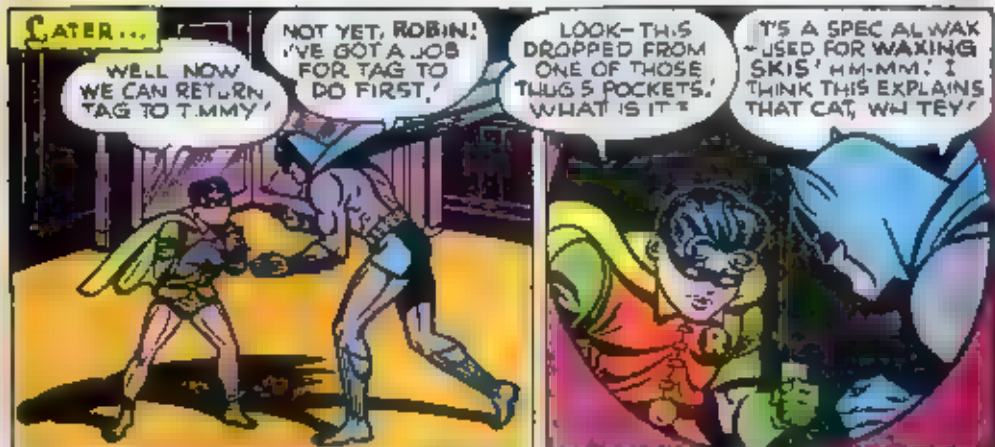
PRY OPEN THAT DOOR! THE GAS WILL KEEP THOSE GUARDS ASLEEP UNTIL WE'RE THROUGH!

MOMENTS LATER, THROUGH THAT SAME DOOR, COME BATMAN AND ROBIN!

THE CAT'S TAIL... SPLIT OPEN! AND IT REEKS OF GAS!

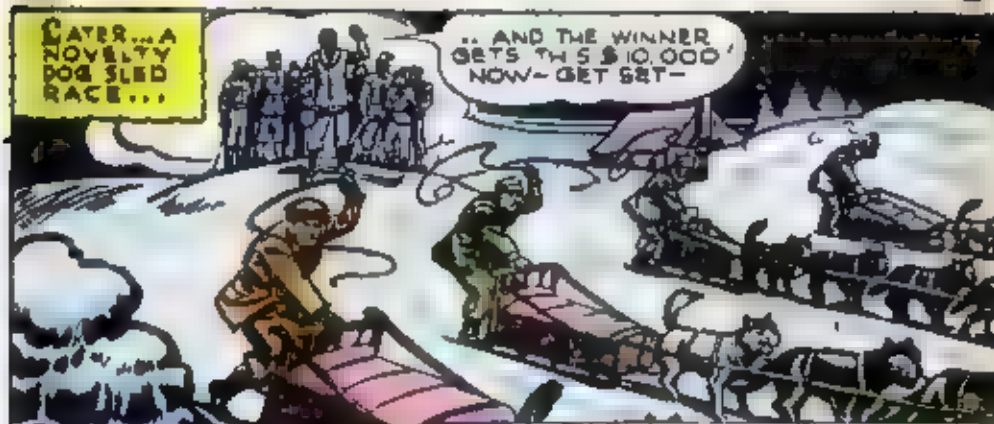






CATER...A
NOVELTY
DOG SLED
RACE...

.. AND THE WINNER
GETS TH \$ \$10,000!
NOW-GET SET-



-GO! THEY'RE
OFF- BUT AS THEY
ROUND A TURN OUT
JUMPS DOGS ANCESTRAL
ENEMY-A CAT!

OKAY KITTY
GIVE 'EM A
RUN FOR
THE R. MONEY!

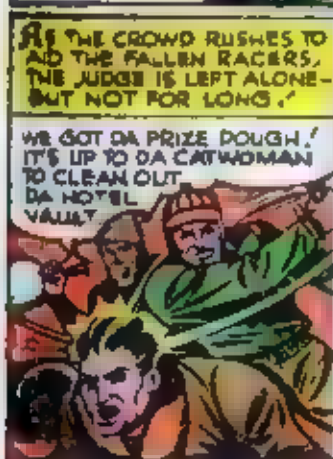


THEN THE DOGS ARE REALLY OFF-AND SO
ARE THE R. R. RRRS!



AS THE CROWD RUSHES TO
AID THE FALLEN RACERS,
THE JUDGE IS LEFT ALONE-
BUT NOT FOR LONG!

WE GOT DA PRIZE DOUGH!
IT'S UP TO DA CATWOMAN
TO CLEAN OUT
DA HOTEL
VAULT.



BUT SANTA AND HIS
ASSISTANT SEE THE
ROBBERY...

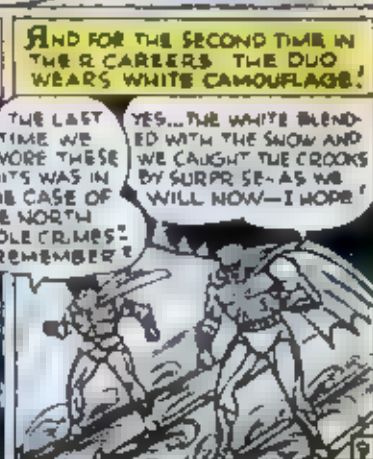
THIS IS IT! STRP
FOR ACTION,
ROBIN!

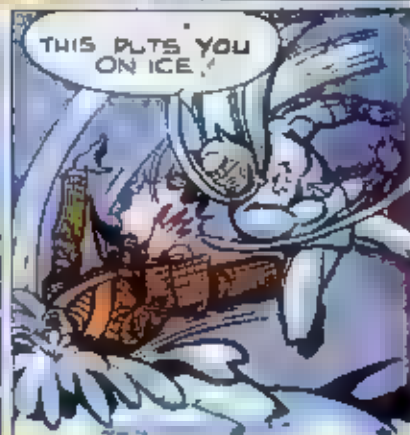
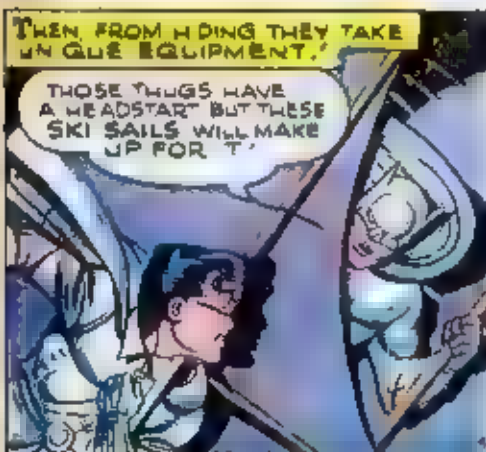


AND FOR THE SECOND TIME IN
THE R. R. RRRS, THE DUO
WEARS WHITE CAMOUFLAGE!

THE LAST
TIME WE
WORE THESE
SUITS WAS IN
"THE CASE OF
THE NORTH
POLE CRIMES"
REMEMBER?

YES...THE WHITE BLEND-
ED WITH THE SNOW AND
WE CAUGHT THE CROOKS
BY SURPRISE-AS WE
WILL NOW-I HOPE!



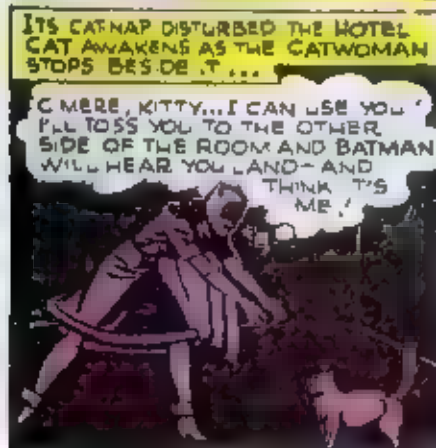
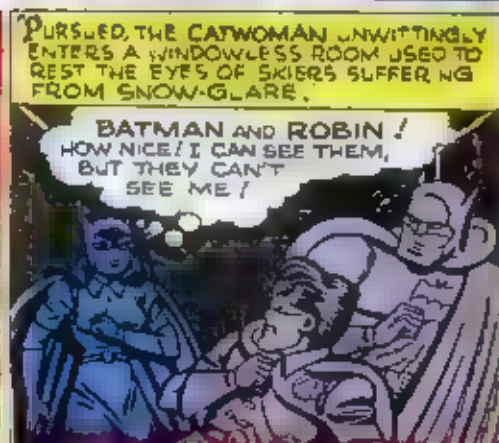
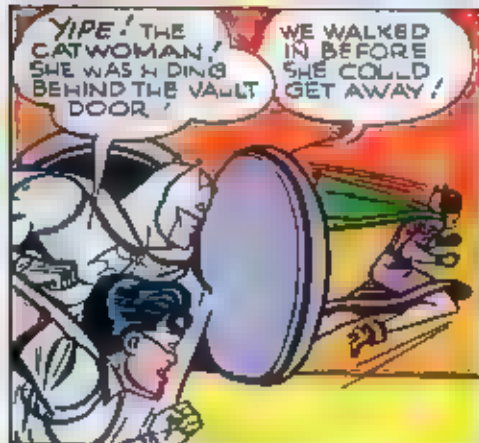
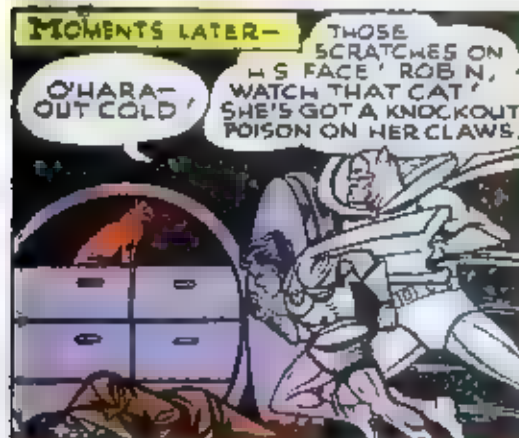


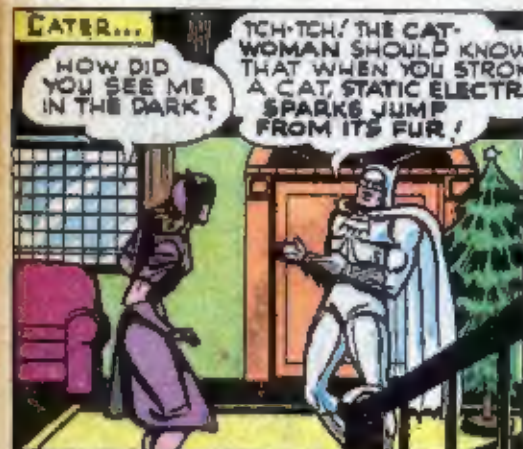
MEANWHILE UNAWARE OF HER MOB'S
DEFEAT, THE CATWOMAN WORKS
INSIDE THE RESORT HOTEL...



AS O'HARA ENTERS THE VAULT—A CLAWING
RED FLURY ERUPTS FROM THE 'JEWEL' BOX!







AND SO, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, BATMAN AND ROBIN PLAY SANTA CLAUS TO SEVERAL LONELY HEARTS!

BLESS
BATMAN AND
ROBIN THIS
NIGHT... AND
EVERY NIGHT!

THAT'S MY
CHRISTMAS PRESENT
TO YOU, WHITEY—
THE BEST ICE
CREAM IN THE
PLANT!

FREEZO
FOODS

AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY...

GOLLY, ISN'T
TAG A SWELL
CAT?

THE
JUDGES
AT THE CAT SHOW
YESTERDAY THOUGHT SO,
TOO! THEY AWARDED HIM
FIRST PRIZE—\$5,000!

B-BUT TAG DOESN'T EVEN
HAVE A TAIL! A CAT'S GOT
TO BE A PERFECT
SPECIMEN TO
WIN AT A
CAT
SHOW!

AND
THAT'S
WHAT
TAG IS—A
PERFECT
SPECIMEN!

\$5,000!
WOW!

TAG'S A PERFECT MANK
CAT, A BREED FROM
THE ISLE OF MAN!
THE LONG TAIL, THE
RARE! THE CAT!

GOLLY,
TAG...
WHAT A
SWELL
SURPRISE!

YES, AND IT'S THE
SWELL SURPRISES
ON CHRISTMAS
THAT MAKE IT SO
MERRY! WHICH
REMINDS ME—

MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
EVERYBODY!

MEOW,
MEOW,
MEOW!

THE
END



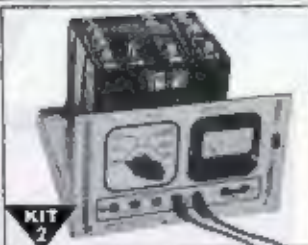
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



KIT 1

I send you Electronic Equipment and Radio Parts, show you how to do Radio soldering, how to connect and construct Radio Units, give you practical experience.



KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It tests tubes and its neighborhood Radio and tells EXTRA things in spare time.



KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuits, then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair small defects.



KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack, make changes which give you experience with packs of exact kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. N. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It generates modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations; and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOE SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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Tiny cell packs enough ENERGY to kick 186 field goals

Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen! The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 big-time field goals from the 25-yard line! Extra power makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly twice as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs 93% more energy. Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly doubled... yet you pay no more for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light... get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

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High Energy

MEANS **BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE**

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